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DAILY EDITION.



SATURDAY, OCT. 28

THE COUNCIL AND THE CONTRACTORS

One experience is not enough for some people. Not content with the lesson they got over the Prudhomme affair over the danger of playing politics in license administration, the politicians on the city council are evidently intent on letting the citizens in for another unnecessary legal bill, over the deductions from the contractors.

There are well recognised legal objections to the penalty clause in the contracts, upon which the contractors may possibly be advised to rest their case, but outside of all legal technicalities, the sense of fairness which most people possess will enable them to see the impropriety of deducting sums of money from the contractors for delays arising out of a strike brought on by the city council themselves.

The council not only brought about the strike, they denied police protection to those contractors who were willing to go on with their contracts. Their present attempt to bait the contractors, is only a vain effort to atone to the workmen for the way they lifted up their hopes and then dashed them to the ground.

If the individual members of the council want to play politics they should do so at their own expense. It is the citizens, who in the end will have to pay dearly for the game of baiting the contractors, just as they had to pay dearly for the game of fooling the workmen.

"MAKING A GREAT CANADIAN RAILWAY"

While we have been casting around for a man to write the history of British Columbia, an historian from over the seas has been making a flank attack upon the situation. Mr. F. A. Talbot has not written a history of British Columbia, but he has written a history of the great enterprises that promise to be the most potent factor in the future history of the Province—the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific. His recently published book, "The making of a great Canadian Railway," is so comprehensive and authoritative that it will probably stand alone as the authentic history of the building of the G. T. P.

Mr. Talbot qualified himself well for the task before commencing his book. He was well acquainted with Canada, having previously written his book on "The New Garden of Canada." He travelled over practically every inch of the road from end to end. "The greater part of year 1910," he says, "I spent on the spot, fraternising with the engineers, teamsters, graders, and others engaged upon the work. I travelled from point to point by whatever vehicle was available, from pack horse to Pullman express, from canoe to river steamer, from team wagon to construction locomotive. When all other means of transportation failed, I walked. In this way I covered not only the ground where work is completed and in actual progress, but pushed across the gap of 840 miles then remaining to be built through the Rocky Mountains and the Northwestern wilderness, by the only means possible—by pack horse and canoe." Many people in Prince Rupert will remember Mr. Talbot from the occasion of his visit here. Many others will remember the excellent series of articles he contributed to World's Work, as special commissioner for that magazine.

Mr. Talbot's story justly starts with the coming of Charles M. Hays in 1899 from the Wabash Railroad to reorganise the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada—of his prompt perception that the line was suffering from lack of feeders, and that the only hope for the profitable reconstruction of the road was to enlarge it into a trans-continental road, opening up new territories and having terminals on both coasts of the Dominion. Then follows the story of the silent planning, the arousing of public interest, the fight for a charter, the pledging of the Liberal Government to the scheme, and its adoption by the Canadian people as a national undertaking.

Afterwards comes the romance of construction, the story of the

pioneer surveying parties, of the obstacles they had to meet, and of the glowing reports they brought of the great Peace River country north of Edmonton, in the land of eighty-five day wheat, and of the great clay belt in Northern Ontario. Of the latter territory, as Mr. Talbot says, "more was known about the land lying round the North Pole than of the northern stretches of Ontario and Quebec. The story of the pursuit through the wilderness of that 'four-tenths of one per cent grade' is an epic full of great deeds and heroic action."

The story of how our present harbor of Prince Rupert was passed over by the surveyors who pointed out on the chart that a big sunken rock blocked the entrance, of the pertinacity with which Mr. Hays insisted on soundings being taken, with the result that it was discovered that the sunken rock had been placed by the compilers of the Admiralty chart in the wrong bay—all this is told by Mr. Talbot who grows very enthusiastic in recounting all that Prince Rupert enterprise and determination has done in making a city rise on the banks of Kaien Island.

Mining, fruit raising and sightseeing, will be the three principal sources of Skeena River traffic thinks Mr. Talbot, who declares that large numbers of travellers will make the combined river and rail journey from Prince Rupert to Kitselas Canyon to admire this magnificent spectacle of mountain and waterfall just as they now penetrate the Grand Canyon of Arizona or ascend the mountain railways of Switzerland.

Mr. Talbot's book, like the subject is a large one, and has been adequately presented by the publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Company of London. Forty-three splendid illustrations from photographs taken by the author illumine the pages of this handsome and excellent volume, which has more than ordinary interest to we who live in Prince Rupert.

The Graham Island Oil Fields, Limited

CAPITAL STOCK \$1,000,000

We are offering for sale a very limited amount of shares of stock at 25c per share; par value \$1.00. These shares are going quickly and will soon be off the market.

THE MACK REALTY & INSURANCE COMPANY

SELLING AGENTS

Howe & McNulty

HARDWARE

Are now ready to do business in their new Hardware store on Second Ave. and Fifth St., with a complete stock of heavy and shelf hardware, stoves and ranges, granite and tinware, paint and oils, ship chandlery, sporting goods, etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention
PHONE 364

McCaffery & Gibbons

Real Estate Offerings:

lot in section 1, 84 feet frontage with new four-room House for \$3200. Terms of \$1000 cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months.
2 lots on 5th Avenue, section 5, for \$2100 the pair.
1 lot on 6th Avenue, with house, four rooms and bath, for \$2400. \$1000 cash, good terms on balance.
Lots 15 and 16, block 4, section 5, for \$1260 each. Good terms.
Lot 8, block 9, section 5, for \$1150.
Double Corner on 8th Avenue, section 5, for \$1500. Half cash.
2 fine harbor view lots on Borden St., for \$3150 pair. Good terms.
Lot 9, block 17, section 5, \$1800. Half cash, balance easy terms.
Double Corner on 9th Avenue, section 5, for \$1350. Easy terms.
Corner lot on 8th Avenue, section 6, for \$975.
Lots 15 and 16, block 12, section 6, for \$4000 pair.
Two lots on 7th Avenue, fifty feet from McBride St., \$1400 each.
Lot 23, block 1, section 7, for \$580. \$330 cash, balance good terms.
Lots 14 and 15, block 12, section 7, sixty feet on 6th Ave., for \$1200 pair.
Lots 40 and 41, block 6, section 7, \$1100 pair.
Lot in block 40, section 7, for \$400.
Lot 5, block 23, section 7, for \$550.
Lots 21 and 22, block 43, section 7, for \$315 each.
Double Corner on 11th Avenue roadway for \$800. Good terms.
Double Corner in section 8, for \$50 cash and \$30 per month.

FOR RENT

Six-room House on 4th Avenue, section 6, for \$25 per month.
Three-room flat with bath in Washington Block.
Three stores on Third Avenue.

FARM LANDS

We offer for sale on easy terms land in the Ootana Lake country in small blocks of from 120 to 360 acres at \$7.00 per acre. At this price this land is an attractive proposition to the small investor, as it is less than the land can be staked and bought from the Government since the raise in price of Crown Lands. Surveyor's field notes and full reports on all lands furnished on application.

We offer several quarter sections of lands in the Lakelse Valley from \$8.00 per acre up.
Ten acre blocks adjoining Terrace townsite, within one mile of station, at \$50 per acre. Terms of one-third cash, balance in 12 and 18 months.

—INSURANCE—

McCaffery & Gibbons

THIRD AVENUE

TRY THE "NEWS" WANT

AD. WAY OF FINDING

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

Indeed, a faint wall, suggestive of a kitten, now came from beneath the tumbled canvas quite near to Jim. But the Royal Navy does not encourage neurosis. The lighthouse keeper felt that a minor crisis had arrived. It must be dealt with promptly.

The evil odor which still adhered to the boat told him that Brand had exchanged one inferno for another, when he clambered out of reach of the blindly venomous shark.

He looked up at Jones, promptly. "Lower away," he said, promptly. "Swing the derrick until I grab the tackle, and then hoist me aboard."

This was done. Ungainly in his walk owing to his wounded limb, Jim, clinging to a rope, had the easy activity of a squirrel.

"Now, lower a jug with some brandy. He's dead beat," he added.

Whilst Jones hastened for the spirit, the sailor stooped and threw back the sail.

Lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in a blanket which unavailing struggles had rumbled into a roll beneath the arms, was an infant whose precise age it was impossible to estimate forthwith owing to the emaciated condition of its body.

With the rocking of the boat, the fowl blubber washed around the child's limbs and back. Instinct alone had saved it from drowning. Perhaps, during the first hours of vigor after abandonment the little one might have rolled over in infantile search for food and human attendance, but the rush of salt water into eyes and mouth must have driven the tiny sufferer to seek instantly the only position in which life was possible.

So far as the man could judge in a first hasty glance, the child's clothing was of excellent quality. Yet he gave slight heed to such considerations. Jim was the father of three lusty youngsters who were snugly in bed in Penzance, and the sight of this forlorn little sea-wolf made his eyes misty.

He reached down, unpinned the blanket, which was secured with a brooch, and lifted the infant out of its unpleasant environment. It was pitiable to see the way in which the shrunken hands at once strove to clasp his wrists, though they were all too feeble to achieve more than a gentle clutch which relaxed almost as soon as the effort was made.

Jones, also a husband and father, bethought him when he reached the store-room. Hence, when the windlass lowered a basket, there was not only a supply of brandy within, but also a bottle of fresh milk, which reached the Gulf Rock, by arrangement with a fisherman, whenever weather permitted.

Jim handed the jug to his exhausted companion.

"Here, cap'n," he said, cheerfully. "Take a couple of mouthfuls of this. It'll warm the cockles of your heart. An' the sooner you shun up the ladder and get them soaked rags off your better. Can you manage? It's a near thing for the kid, if not too late now."

Brand needed no second bidding. He did not wish to collapse utterly, and the soft breeze, rendered chilly by his wet garments, had revived him somewhat.

The resourceful sailor did not attempt the foolish process of pouring even the smallest quantity of milk into the baby's mouth. He produced a handkerchief, steeped a twisted corner in the milk, and placed it between the parched, salt-blackened lips.

This rough expedient for a feeding-bottle served admirably. The child's eagerness to gulp in the life-giving fluid was only matched by the tender care of the sailor in his efforts to appease his ravenous hunger.

He was so intent on this urgent task for a little while he paid no heed to Brand. Jones, forty feet overhead, took the keenest interest in the baby's nurture.

"Mind you don't let it suck the handkerchief into its little throat," he cried. "Not too much, Jim. It's only a young 'un. Half milk, half water, an' a lump of sugar, my missus says. Fore little dear! However did it come to live, when that man must have been dead for days? Now, Jim, slow an' sure is the motto. 'Spose you shove it into the basket an' let me hoist it up here? A warm bath an' a blanket is the next best thing to milk an' water."

"All right, skipper. Just hold on a bit. She's done fine."

"Is it a he or a she?"

"I dunno. But I guess it's a gal by the duds."

The baby, in the sheer joy of living, again uttered a gurgling cry, a compound of milk, happiness and pain.

"There! I told you!" shouted Jones angrily. "You think every kid is a hardy young savage like your own. You're overdone!"

"Overdone?" demanded the sailor. "You don't know who you're talkin' to. Why, when I was on the West Coast, I reared two week-old monkeys this way."

Soon these firm friends would have quarrelled—so unbounded was their anxiety to rescue the fluttering existence of the tiny atom of humanity so miraculously snatched from the perils of the sea.

But Stephen Brand's dominant personality was rapidly recovering its normal state.

"Jim," he said, "Mr. Jones is right. Her skin is raw and her eyes sore with inflammation. The little food she has already obtained will suffice for a few minutes. Send her up."

The "Mr. Jones" was a gentle reminder of authority. No further protest was raised, save by the infant when supplies were temporarily withheld, and Jones was bound by Brand to give another thought to his subordinate's outburst.

"Now, back up to the rock," said Brand. "I will dress and rejoin you quickly. The boat must be thorough-

ly examined and swabbed out. Jones will signal for help. Meanwhile, you might moor her tightly. When the tide falls she will be left high and dry."

The sailor's momentary annoyance fled. There was much to be done, and no time should be wasted in disputes concerning baby culture.

"Sure you won't slip?" he asked, as Stephen caught hold of the ladder.

"No, no. It was not so fatiguing, but sickness which overcame me. The brandy has settled that."

Up he went, as though returning from his customary morning dip.

"By jingo, he's a plucked 'un," murmured Jim, admiringly. "He ought to be skipper of a battleship, instead of housemaid of a rock-light. Dash them sea-crows! I do hate 'em."

He seized an oar and lunged so hard and true at a cormorant which was investigating the shark's liver, that he knocked the bird a yard through the air. Discomfited, it retreated with a scream. Its companion darted to the vacant site and pecked industriously. The neighborhood of the rock was now alive with sea-gulls. In the water many varieties of finny shapes were darting to and fro in great excitement. Jim laughed.

"They'd keep me busy," he growled. "When all's said an' done, it's their nater, an' they can't help it."

Unconscious that he had stated the primordial thesis, he left the foragers alone. Hauling the sail out of the water, he discovered that the stern-board was missing, broken off probably when the mast fell. His trained scrutiny soon solved a puzzle suggested by the state of the cording. Under ordinary conditions the upper part of the mast would either have carried the sail clean away with it or be found acting as a sort of sea-anchor at a short distance from the boat.

But it had gone altogether, and the strands of the sail-rope were bitten, not torn, asunder. The shark had striven to pull the boat under by tugging at the wreckage.

Having made the canvas ship-shape, Jim settled the next pressing question by seizing an empty tin and sluicing the fore part. Then he passed a rope under the after thwart and reeved it through a ring-bolt in a rock placed there for mooring purposes in very calm weather like the present.

When the Trinity tender paid her monthly visit to the lighthouse she was moored to a buoy three cables' length from the northwest. If there was the least suspicion of a sea over the reef it was indeed a ticklish task landing or embarking stores and men.

Close-hauled, the boat would fill forward as the tide dropped. This was matterless. By the time all her movable contents—she appeared to have plenty of tinned meat and biscuits aboard, but no water—would be removed to the store-room.

The sailor was sorting the packages—wondering what queer story of the deep would be forthcoming when the recent history of the rescued child was ascertained—when Brand hailed him.

"Look out there, Jim. I am lower-

ing an ax."

"What's the ax for, cap'n?" was the natural query.

"I want to chop out that shark's teeth. They will serve as mementoes for the girl if she grows up, which is likely, judging by the way she is yelling at Jones."

"What's he a-doin' of?" came the sharp demand.

"Giving her a bath, and excellently well, too. He is evidently quite domesticated."

"If that means 'under Mrs. J's thumb,' you're right, cap'n. They tell me that when he's ashore—"

"Jim, the first time I met you you were wheeling a perambulator. Now, load the skip and I will haul in."

They worked in silence a few minutes. Brand descended, and a few well-placed cuts relieved the man-eater of the sensations rows used to such serious purpose in life that he had attained a length of nearly twelve feet. Set double in the lower jaw and single in the upper, they were of a size and shape ominously suggestive of the creature's voracity.

"It is a good thing," said Brand, calmly heaving at the huge jaws, "that nature did not build the Caracharodon quadriceps on the same lines as the alligator. If this fellow's sharp embroidery were not situated so close to his stomach he would have made a meal of me, Jim, unless I carried a torpedo."

"He's a blue shark," commented the other, ignoring for the nonce what he termed "some of the cap'n's jaw-breakers."

"It is the only dangerous species found so far north."

"His teeth are like so many fixed bayonets. Of course you would like to keep 'em, but he would look fine in the museum. Plenty of folk in Penzance, especially visitors, would pay a bob a head to see him."

Brand paused in his labor.

"Listen, Jim," he said earnestly. "I want both you and Jones to oblige me by saying nothing about the shark. Please do not mention my connection with the affair in any way. The story will get into the newspapers as it is. The additional sensation of the fight would send reporters here by the score. I don't wish that to occur."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Mr. Jones will report the picking up of the boat, and the finding of the baby together with the necessary burial of a man unknown."

"What sort of a chap was he?" interrupted Jim.

"I don't know—a sailor—that is all I can tell you. He must have been dead several days."

"Then how in the world did that baby keep alive?"

"I have been thinking over that problem. I imagine that, in the first place, there was a survivor who disappeared since the death of the poor devil out there—" he pointed to the sea. "This person, whether man or woman, looked after the child until madness came, caused by drinking salt water. The next step is suicide. The little one, left living, fell into the bilge created by the shipping of a sea, and adopted, by the mercy of Providence, a method of avoiding death from thirst which ought to be more widely appreciated than it is. She absorbed water through the pores of the skin, which rejected the salty elements and took in only those parts of the compound needed by the blood. You follow me?"

"Quite. It's a snap-up idea."

"It is not new. It occurred to a ship's captain who was compelled to navigate his passengers and crew a thousand miles in open boats across the Indian Ocean, as the result of a fire at sea. Well, the child was well nourished, in all likelihood, before the

accident happened, which set her adrift on the Atlantic. She may have lost twenty or thirty pounds in weight, but starvation is a slow affair, and her plumpness saved her life in that respect. Most certainly she would have died to-day, and even yet she is in great danger. Her pulse is very weak, and care must be taken not to stimulate the action of the heart too rapidly."

When Brand spoke in this way, Jim Spence was far too wary to ask personal questions. Somewhat, in the early days of their acquaintance, he had sought to pin his friend with clumsy logic to some admission as to his past life. The only result he achieved was to seal the other man's lips for days so far as reminiscences were concerned.

Not only Jones and Spence, but Thompson, the third assistant, who was taking his month ashore, together with the supernumeraries, were helped to preserve the rotation of two months rock duty and one ashore soon realized that Brand—whom they liked and looked up to—had looked the record of his earlier years and reflected upon the diary for anyone.

Yet so helpful was he—so enterprising with his scraps of scientific knowledge and more ample of scientific reading—that those whose turn on the rock was coincident with his, he actually entertained them with a free translation of the twenty-four books of the "Iliad," and great was the delight of those who were able to connect the exploits of some Greek or Trojan hero with the identity of one of her Majesty's ships.

In private they discussed him often, and a common agreement was made that his wish to remain incognito should be respected. Their nickname, "the cap'n," was a tacit admission of his higher social rank. They feared lest his inquisitiveness should drive him from the island, and one supernumerary, who heard from the cook of the Trinity tender that Brand was the nephew of a baronet, was roughly bidden to "close his rattrap, or he might catch something he couldn't eat."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COAL NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte
Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:

Commencing at a post planted two miles north of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 16, marked N. E. corner C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 15, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locust Pub. Sept. 23.

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